

The Subduing of Philada

BY CLARA HAENCHEN.

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"I have sent for you to draw up a new will," concluded Miss Asbury, seating herself and motioning her companion to do likewise.

"I heard it rumored—" ventured the lawyer.

"That I intended disinheriting Philada as too frivolous to be trusted with the Asbury estate?" she smiled.

"And I did not contradict the rumor. As Philada's aunt, and only living relative, I can hardly say I have had an easy time of it since becoming her guardian five years ago."

"You were too kind-hearted and spoiled her—making her self-willed and unmanageable," he faltered, catching a gleam of laughter in the gray eyes bent upon him. The lawyer had been one of the first victims to fall before Philada's charms, and had never forgiven her refusal of his heart and hand.

"Philada is a dear—when she has her own way," laughed the lady. "I soon realized my lack of control and therefore wished to see her safely married. I must admit it wasn't for lack of opportunity," and again the gleam flitted across her face.

"There was Mr. Van Courteney—well-to-do and so sensible—until he met Philada. When she refused him he threatened to shoot her and himself, and what do you suppose the child said?"

"As Miss Philada never says or does what other people would be likely to do it is useless to guess," he replied, stiffly.

"Shoot!" she cried angrily, "but I'll have nothing more to do with



"Help Me Down!" She Commanded.

you in the next world than I would in this. Wasn't that clever?"

"Very," he commented dryly.

"Of course that upset his gravity and the would-be tragedy ended in a laugh. And so it went on—young men came, admired, and were sent away until I was completely out of patience. Philada had refused, or was at outs, with every eligible man in town and time was hanging rather heavily on her hands when it was announced that Larry Drummond, who had made quite a name for himself abroad as an artist, was to spend the summer at the old homestead. I told Philada that I would not stand for any carryings on with a long-haired artist; if a practical business man was not good enough for her I'd have no sprouting geniuses spooning around—and I meant it, too."

"Well, they met at a garden party—but he wasn't a bit like I had pictured him. His hair was short and there was nothing about him or his clothing different from the other men except perhaps his manners, which were more charming and deferential."

"He didn't call the next day as she expected, nor the next week, which rather surprised her but she didn't say anything. Then he began dropping in casual like but as far as I could see there was no love making."

"Perhaps someone had warned him," suggested the lawyer, with a smile of satisfaction.

"As you will see. Meantime I had grown quite fond of the lad and was sorry the time of his departure was drawing near. One afternoon I left them in the music-room trying over some songs, and taking a book I went out into the arbor. I must have dozed for the first thing I heard was a slight thump and Larry's voice saying, 'There, now I want to talk seriously with you for a moment.'"

"Help me down this instant," he said, "to this paper—not to

"You look very graceful up there," he replied, lazily.

"I rose to leave the arbor but sank back at the sight that met my eyes. For there was Philada perched upon the high pedestal, from which the storm had blown the fern the night before, and on the grass facing her sat Larry. Larry is six feet three and no doubt had tossed her up as he would a child."

"Help me down," she commanded.

"I must return to my studio next month. I have been thinking the matter over and concluded I should like to take you back with me as my wife," he continued, not heeding her.

"For a moment she was speechless."

"No doubt you would," she replied sarcastically.

"That would give you a month to get ready. I loved you the first time I saw you but after hearing how you treated the other boys I determined to make sure of a winning game. I know you love me."

"Such audacity! This looks like it," she taunted.

"You were too proud to show it when you thought I didn't care," he went on relentlessly. "How does Wednesday appeal to you as a wedding day?"

"It doesn't appeal to me at all, and if you don't help me down immediately—I'll jump!"

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," he advised soothingly. "You might sprain your ankle and that would delay our wedding journey. Where shall we spend our honeymoon?"

"Such assurance I never heard! I will jump," she cried angrily.

"Give me your promise, dear, and I'll lift you down," he pleaded tenderly.

"Never!" snapped Philada, trying to turn on the pedestal.

"Don't do that. You will fall," he cautioned. "You have caught up your dress in twisting and several inches of—a very shapely ankle is exposed. There is a man coming. Promise," he cried, rising and standing in front of her.

"I won't," protested Philada tearfully. "You're a brute."

"He is almost here. It's the handsome minister. Quick!" he commanded.

Philada gave one glance backward. "Take me down," she wailed, "but I'll—"

"He had her in his arms and closed her lips with a kiss just as the scandalized minister reached them."

"Oh, Mr. Burnham, you're just the man we want to see," exclaimed Larry joyfully. "Miss Asbury has promised to become my wife a month from to-day and we desire you to perform the ceremony."

"Only too happy, I am sure," he stammered, offering his congratulations.

"Philada opened her lips to protest, but the humor of the situation overcame her anger, and that's why I want to change my will leaving half of the estate to Philada and half to her husband, for the man capable of subduing her so diplomatically has my sincere admiration and I feel sure will look after the property wisely."

MAKING OF "ANTIQUE" OAK.

Fabrication No Trick at All, According to Collector.

"You will have to go a long way," said an art collector the other day, "before you find a body of men more clever than those cabinetmakers who produce goods to satisfy the desire of the public for furniture made of old and fancy woods. They can transform whitewood into all kinds of exotic woods by means of chemicals, and a chemist would be surprised if he were to have the run of one of those factories for a day."

"The manufacture of antique oak is one of the easiest of their processes. The boards, moldings, panels or whatever pieces are required are made of oak which has just had time to dry sufficiently to prevent excessive warping."

"They are then placed in a dark room, on the floor of which and quite close to the furniture to be 'aged' are placed several bowls, plates and so forth of liquid ammonia. The room is then hermetically closed up and the wood is left for a month or so, according to the age which is required. The coloration will extend to a depth of nearly a quarter of an inch if the room is kept closed for a few months."

"That is why there is so much old oak furniture about. Of course a little reflection would show that it could not be genuine—the forests of the Middle Ages would not have furnished one-half of it—but people do not always reflect."

Smiley—Sure! There isn't a vel-

OCELOT A GREAT JUMPER.

Mexican Spotted Cat Feeds Mainly Upon Parrots.

One of the most interesting animals of the new world and yet one of which little seems to be written, even by sportsmen who have spent much time in Mexico and the Central American states, is the ocelot, the strange little spotted cat of the dense jungles of tropical parts of the two Americas, says a writer in Forest and Stream.

They are not nearly so heavy as the average lynx of the eastern woods and are infinitely lighter on their feet. They run with the greatest agility up and down the almost perpendicular trunks of trees and follow a crippled bird out on limbs too slender, it would seem, to bear the weight of the parrot, let alone the cat. Parrots are the ocelot's principal food and their hunting is done almost altogether by day, though like all the cat tribe they are thoroughly at home in the blackest night.

The parrots which they hunt frequent the thickest of forests, coming to the ground only in the rare open spaces and along the banks of the many small streams where they drink. In order to follow them it is necessary that the ocelots be great jumpers, and so they are. When I was following the bounds through the southern California hills after wild cats and an occasional mountain lion I was wont to say that the latter was the greatest jumper on earth. The ocelot has any mountain lion that ever walked beaten a block, length for length and weight for weight.

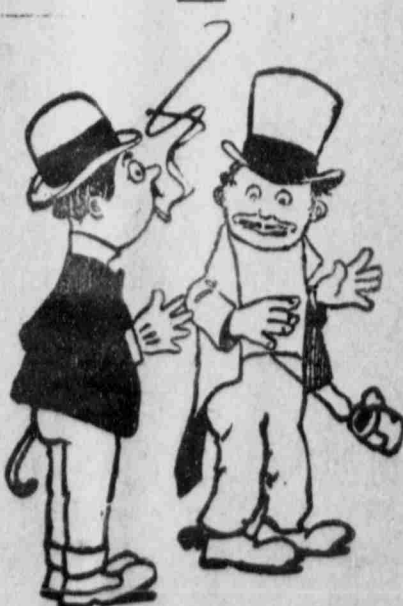
TUCSON THE OLDEST TOWN.

St. Augustine Deposed from Position It Has Long Held.

Dr. Alexander Craig, of Tucson, Ariz., alleges that that city is older than St. Augustine, Fla., by 18 years. He says:

"There can be no doubt that Tucson enjoys the distinction of being the oldest city in the United States. When that intrepid Spaniard Melendez discovered the coast of Florida, planted the standard of his country and founded the city of St. Augustine, in the year of our Lord 1565, Tucson was a struggling and growing pueblo and had been for 18 years. This is not according to our text books on geography, but it is just as much a fact for all of that, and the proof of it may be found in a stained and timeworn document of vellum, signed by their Catholic Majesties Ferdinand and Isabella, and countersigned by the viceroy of Mexico and Gen. Coronado, who in the early part of 1552 raised the flag of Spain over the little Indian village of Tucson and laid the cornerstone of the first mission with his own hands. This important paper was lost to the public until about 12 years ago, when it was discovered by a mere accident among the archives of the ancient Church of San Xavier, nine miles south of Tucson. As a matter of precaution it was forwarded to the library of Washington, D. C., where it now lies. This discovery gives the residents of Tucson the right to claim that their city is the oldest in the United States."

HIS BAD HABIT.



"See here! I gave you a dime last week!"
"Yes, sir; I'm afraid dat in me better days I got inter de habit of eatin' twicet a week!"

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN.

"If I could only have my own way about things!" exclaimed the earnest citizen.

"It's easy to see what would happen then," answered the man who takes life seriously; "you would very soon be feared as a boss, and some one else ould step into your shoes as a reformer."

You happen to be sitting in a

Tobacco News.

F. N. Harned, of Honey Grove, has sold his crop of 14,000 pounds of tobacco to W. W. Bradley at \$10.-50 round. J. E. Hays, of the same neighborhood sold for \$9.50. Mr. Harned got a prize of \$25 on his tobacco at the Clarksville fair.

Santa Claus at Fairview.

Fine line Christmas Presents and Toys at the FAIRVIEW DRUG STORE, Fairview, Ky. Come Today.

ITS GROWTH DUE TO CANALS

Berlin's Experience Cited as a Powerful Argument for Improvement of Inland Waterways.

Berlin, now the second city of Europe, did not begin her wonderful growth until 35 years ago, when her canals were enlarged, and then the railroads concentrated about her like spokes to a hub. All the time, however, her canals to the east to the Oder and west to the Elbe river are the nest eggs, the assured foundation of her permanent prosperity.

Pittsburg has been for several decades somewhat crippled in her long distance reach, but it is only a passing cloud. She will not be bound by the ordinary limitations of artificial transportation; she wants more than is possible for railroads to do for her. The writer has seen freight unloaded in Montana direct from Pittsburg after a 4,000 miles river journey; also he has seen Pittsburg boats deliver barge loads of glass in St. Paul, Minn. Those were cases of difficult, mostly upstream, navigation on shallow water. How comparatively easy it will be on the controlled waters of the Ohio to New Orleans needs but little reflection to understand.

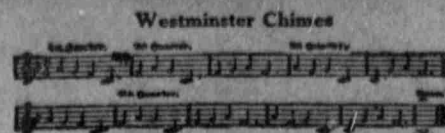
SAME OLD STORY.



The summer girl is in the sea;
She's learning how to swim again;
The summer man is there and she
Has been engaged to him again.

A SAD COLORED VIEW.

In a review of the woman suffrage in New Zealand the New York Tribune says editorially that as for politics in general the moral tendency has for years been downward and that the "boss" and the "machine" and their attendant corruptions have enormously developed since votes were granted to women. Whether it is because of that or in spite of that it is injudicious to declare. It ends with the statement that the general effect upon the women themselves and the body politic seems to have been neutral.

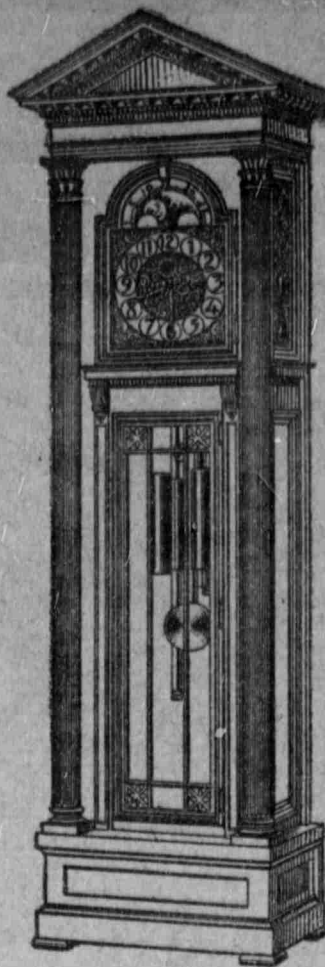


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